

THE PETTICOAT CHIEF.

PART FIRST.

BY JOHN GAYLORD.

Murrah for Jeff. Davis, the Petticoat Chief,
The traitor, the murderer, the coward and thief;
But lest some should say we have named him too much,
We'll give his past life just a slight little touch,
And show him up fairly, a murderer and thief,
So hurrah for Jeff. Davis, the Petticoat Chief.

You know that Old Zack, whom we called Rough and Ready,
And placed at the helm of the State for to steady,
Said Jeff. stole his daughter to make him a wife,
And called him a rascal, a scamp in low life,
So here is one proof that Old Jeff. was a thief,
Hurrah to Jeff. Davis the Petticoat Chief.

You sure must remember some five years ago,
How Jeff. and his colleagues, that thieving old crew,
Stole the national powder, the balls and the guns,
And robbed all our vaults of their treasures and funds.
So you see he's a robber, a national thief;
Hurrah to Jeff. Davis the Petticoat Chief.

They say that he begged from the ladies fine things,
Such as jewels of gold, and their diamond rings,
And when he ran off, his old custom to ape
He took them along to buy his escape.
Will any dispute now that he was a thief,
A traitor, a robber, a Petticoat Chief?

What say you friend Davis, what say you we say,
Did you starve the brave boys that you took in the fray?
Nethinks the historian his pages will mar
With the black deeds of Davis in this cruel war.
They'll call him a traitor, a murderer, a thief,
And make a black mark for the Petticoat Chief.

Say Jeff. did you run like a coward, a snake,
When the Yankees surprised you the traitor to take?
Did your wife whom you stole dress you up in disguise?
But the Yankee was not to be robbed of his prize.
For your masculine boots they betrayed the old thief,
And pointed you out as a Petticoat Chief.

Some say he is one of the finest of men,
The hero, the statesman, the christian, and then
They talk about Lincoln as quite below par,
Because on rebellion he dared to make war.
Oh! what strange opinions some have of the thief,
The murderer, the traitor, the Petticoat Chief.

I once knew a man, yes, I knew him full well,
And I fancy I hear him just now talk and tell
What a pity it was (thus he sighs and he hoots,)
That Jeff. was betrayed by those rascally boots.
Those rascally boots that betrayed the poor thief,
They sure should be hung with the Petticoat Chief.

So now you fair ladies I would you advise
That when you dress up your dear lords in disguise,
(For surely the caution the ease it will suits,)
You pull off those treacherous masculine boots.
My rhymes I'll now close, so adieu to the thief,
To President Davis, the PETTICOAT CHIEF.

PART SECOND.

They say that our Hero is now on his way,
To our Capital city to show himself gay,
And the matrons and maids will be gaping to see
The great Southern Chiefain, dressed up to the T,
In the feminine garb so disgraced by the thief
Who runs from due justice, the Petticoat Chief.

How humbling it was when the gentleman fine
Was *she-doling* away in his wife's crinoline,
But the court of high heaven's decided you see
That he that is humble, exalted should be,
So when we get ready we'll raise up the thief,
And EXALT, on the gallows, the Petticoat Chief.

How strange it now seems that the chief of the foe
Who once led the hosts of rebellion you know,
A boasting and thieving and desperate band,
A few months ago through the heaven-rest land,
But now as a traitor, a murderer, a thief,
In chains he is led as a Petticoat Chief.

'Tis a wonder to me, a wonder quite strange
That Jeff. should attempt the old fashions to change,
As the times make me think of the crowing old hen,
For the ladies are aping the costumes of men,
And yet our fine gallant, the old woman thief,
Is dressed in the garb of a Petticoat Chief.

There's a cage of foul spirits abroad in the land,
A desperate, fendish and bloodthirsty band;
There's Davis, Atzeroth, Surratt and Payne,
Co-workers in murder with old ancient Cain,
And the truth of the story, to tell it in brief,
The head of the gang is the Petticoat Chief.

Yes reader, kind reader, our Lincoln who bled,
And who 'neath his tombstone lies honored and dead,
Was the victim of Jefferson Davis' wrath.
No wonder the Yankee stuck close to his path;
No wonder the boys pointed out the foul thief,
The guilty assassin, the Petticoat Chief.

But why should my spirit be stirred in my breast,
Our Lincoln is gone to his paradise rest,
And heaven's avenging bright sword we'll unsheathe
To punish the guilty for their deeds of wrath,
And first it is fitting to punish the thief,
The chief of assassins, the Petticoat Chief.

You know boasting Jeff., when his pride it ran high,
Thought to spend in our City a fourth of July,
Perhaps there's a chance and a very good hope
That he'll keep the day there with his neck in a rope,
A warning to tyrants, and the human race thief,
To beware of the fate of the Petticoat Chief.

You know 'tis not right to be partial to men
So we give to each thief a touch of our pen,
And on the brave soldiers our praise we'll bestow
Who have humbled old Dixie and laid her full low,
Three cheers for the Boys who have conquered the thief,
And three heavy groans for the PETTICOAT CHIEF.